THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

——— The world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around!
We must or imitate or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices or foes:
That *stains our innocence,* this *wounds our peace.*

YOUNG.

Mr. Easy,

NO subject more loudly demands the lash of the moralist, or the advice of the christian, than that novel kind of deception which consists in the fear of being *stigmatized* as a virtuous character, and the wish to be known as an abandoned profligate. I have often been surprised that in our christian country, a man, who avows himself a firm believer in christianity, who talks about the old-fashioned duties of prayer, reading and hearing the word of God, and an obedience to the precepts of the gospel, should be ridiculed under some canting opprobious epithet, and encouragement thereby be given to the commission of vice. You are extremely fortunate, if, within the circle of your acquaintance, there are not some youth, who affect to despise every thing good, and to delight in every mean and illicit practice. There is a youth of my acquaintance who swears, blasphemes, drinks and gambles to the most extravagant excess, and is a complete debauchee of the most vile kind, always laying in wait to seduce innocence—at least this is his own description of himself. His vices, according to his own detail, are sufficient to contaminate the whole state; and if he were guilty of one-thousandth part of the crimes of which he boasts, no human punishment short of death could possibly be satisfactory to the offended laws of society; whilst he ridicules religion, scoffs at the Bible, repeats coarse jokes about the clergy, and is indeed a deist incorrigible. Now this youth one would suppose to be mad—and this perversion of talent, this boast of all that is diabolical, is certainly a species of insanity, which ought to be conquered by those means which are usually employed in cases of *mania*. And what is most astonishing of all no one knows where, how, or when he thus acts. Questions are frequently asked of this kind—Did you see ——— intoxicated the other evening?—or, do you know that unfortunate girl who was seduced through his bewitching arts?—or, where was it he gambled to such an extent, and lost so much money? To all these questions the answer is—I never heard of it.

The contrary is the real truth—his conscience is so tender, that to curse his neighbour, to take the Lord's name in vain, to drink to excess, to ruin a female, or even to visit a prostitute, to express a disrespectful word of christianity, or deliberately disobey its injunctions, would grieve him in the highest degree. The question then may be asked, "To what cause can this practice be attributed, "which claims the *disgrace* of vice, and shuns the *ho-* "*nour* of virtue?" *To a groundless fear, or to a devilish ambition.*

You may always lay it down as an established rule, that these braggadocias have some very grand defect, either in their principles or their heads. The person now particularly alluded to has no defect in his creed—his views of the christian religion, his sense of its importance, and of the indispensable necessity of attending to it; and his detestation of sin, from a conviction of its injurious effects, and the hell to which it exposes him; are all orthodox. He lives in conformity to all which in his private opinion is truth—but his head is weak—he has for a long time past been acquainted with a circle of those *senseless sprigs*, whose sole delight is in vice, whose constant habits are evil, who know no moral restraint; and who reflect not that there is a God to judge, and a Devil to punish them. What actuates ——— is fear—he has not a sufficient

degree of courage to break off their acquaintance, and to banish himself from companions whose evil desires he has endeavoured incessantly to alter, whose vices he has tried to conquer, and whose licentiousness he has so often deplored. But with his convictions, ought he not immediately to separate himself from the company of those whose conversation is pollution, whose conduct is condemned, whose principles are hellish, and whose end will be misery? And what is more disagreeable, from his associating with these notorious profligates, he is, by those who know not the pains which daily render him miserable, considered as one of those without principle or restraint—so that his own assertions are believed, and no farther corroboration deemed necessary. Thus a valuable member of society, who in his own house and family is modest, unassuming, mild, chaste, and temperate, is, from not shaking off his vile associates, condemned as a compound of vice, and by all the virtuous and good shunned as a plague. He is afraid of the laugh of those whom he despises, and has not fortitude to withstand the jeers of a few unprincipled wretches who are a common nuisance to the city.

This fear operating in this way, is one of the most prejudicial principles which can possibly affect the mind. It insensibly leads to sinful indulgences; and to it may often be imputed the commission of numberless vices which otherwise would not be perpetrated. The fear of being singular when forming part of any company by abstaining from the general practices however improper they may be, has often led to the gratification of propensities against which the mind both before and after has in the strongest manner revolted.

In our city this may often be imputed to a want of principle, to the shameful manner in which our youth are neglected—and in which they are instructed—to the solicitude displayed to make them masters of a few refined accomplishments—such as staring in your face, insulting you with their petty impudence, smoking a segar, drinking a glass of grog, taking the Lord's name in vain, cursing those who offend them, and tyrannizing over their inferiors—and to the general carelessness with regard to the virtuous impressions which a boy may imbibe. This subject has struck me very forcibly for some time past—and I have conceived that almost all the vice, and all the avowals of vice have arisen from that fear of a jeer, and the ambition of being known for something, even for wickedness, which I would now reprobate.

There is no one argument of so much weight in this view of the subject as that which I have now adduced, that there is very little care taken to establish in the minds of our youth those virtuous principles which shall be a buckler against the fascinations of vice, the allurements of wicked company, and the influence of inward corruption. I will cite for instance the seminaries of instruction in every city; and I have no hesitation in saying, that a sufficient regard is not paid to the morals of the youth—and one instance may be quoted in the pieces selected for rehearsal at their public exhibitions. What more absurd, what more inconsistent, what more improper, than duelling scenes?—and pieces interlarded with oaths, to be exhibited by boys barely old enough to read their own language, certainly incompetent to understand it, and totally unable to comprehend the meaning or force of the satire.

But these two principles which I have asserted to be the cause of this despicable hypocrisy in our youth, require further investigation and opposition, than your room will admit. The one may be called a false shame, if not meriting a worse appellation—and the other is a desire of distinction, which includes some of the most vile and unjustifiable opinions and practices.

Arguments innumerable may be urged against those who manifest this species of hypocrisy, from whatever cause it proceeds—ridicule may be well applied—serious reasoning in its proper place—and all the laws of civil society may be urged to counteract a predominant, and an increasing evil. But as I consider myself opposing two different vices, though the same in effect, and two different characters, the hypocrite or professedly wicked from fear, and he who bears this title from an infamous ambition; I shall make each the subject of a separate essay, and combat these misguided persons, and shew them the folly, and wickedness of their conduct by such reasons as appear to me conclusive and not to be evaded. CATO.

Mr. Easy,

I read with some degree of emotion the complaint of the persecuted Edith, in your paper of the twenty-seventh July, and confess her case embraces a subject which I have long thought merited attention. How distressing must be the situation of a fine girl, who, possessing the advantages of education, good sense, and refined manners, is compelled to sit for hours together and listen to the fulsome nonsense of an animal to whom bountiful nature has given the amazing capacity of adjusting *(himself)* every part of his dress, without forgetting one piece, not even his coatee! What must be her sensations when called from the delightful and rational conversation of an *Addison*, a *Hervey*, or a *Young*, to attend Mr. Fribble and his

cane (I beg the gentleman's pardon, his cane and Mr. Fribble) to hear the same routine of tiresome disgusting flattery, which has so often assailed her ears from the same and kindred sources; to hear him declare, that in passing by he merely called in for the purpose of killing an hour or so, (as if 'twas not plain to foresee the gentleman had been engaged in the pleasing employment of time-killing from the commencement of his existence) to listen to a repetition of every good thing he has immortalized by uttering since their last meeting: which he occasionally intersperses with a hem or a smile, used by this correct gramarian as commas, periods and notes of admiration to the preceding important and interesting conversation, which he has the modest assurance to conclude with a sigh of regret that the ladies do not possess the advantages of *education* and a greater capacity of supporting a conversation on *scientifick* and *interesting* subjects. Blockhead! dost thou not see the inconsistency of throwing *pearls to swine?*

Without discussing the question of female education, I think no impartial person, who has the opportunity of judging would hesitate to declare, that in comparing the ladies of Baltimore with the ladies-men of the same city, the weight of good sense would make it greatly preponderate in the female scale. The beaux, instead of paying a compliment to those ladies whom they *honour* with their attentions, as they have the vanity to suppose, are much indebted to the politeness of the ladies for being tolerated at all; and henceforth they are not to plume themselves on their happy knack of exciting laughter among a circle of girls; for we often see the same effect produced by the ridiculous drollery of a monkey or baboon. These smoking, prating, giggling fops, ought therefore by no means to censure the fair for condescending to talk nonsense, or in other words for politely accommodating their conversation to their company, lest they should thereby render any farther intercourse between themselves and the ladies impracticable, and be compelled in their own defence to enter upon a *strange* and new employment, *to begin to think.*

A FRIEND TO THE FAIR.

Mr. Easy,

I have several times been on the point of addressing you on a subject of such a nature as cannot fail to awaken your sympathy, and induce you to give your assistance to remedy an evil, which in its consequences is extremely injurious to society. I am unfortunately a female—for the epithet, unfortunate, seems to belong almost exclusively to my sex. Our situation in life is often deplorable!—Surrounded by a thousand seducing objects of pleasure, in us resistence is termed a virtue, but in man how different! Fame attends him in what is proudly called his triumph over our sex. The superior station he fills in life, affords him opportunity to execute his base design. The libertine now enjoys his reign in security, vice stalks abroad with unblushing face, and innocence suffers with impunity. This is an evil, Mr. Easy, that demands the greatest consideration; for what is to become of the harmony of society, when religion and morality are scoffed at and ridiculed? The degraded state into which too many of the youth of our country are plunged is lamentable. Can we behold without emotion talents and virtue thus early consigned to infamy? The great causes of these evils are the neglect of education and the force of vicious example.—Seduced by the syren allurements of pleasing, though profligate, associates; how can a young and ardent mind resist unless protected by a virtuous education? From vicious intercourse the heart becomes corrupt; the young, the thoughtless, and the gay, are easily attracted by objects of pleasure, and more susceptible of dangerous impression; the love of dissipation leads them on in a thoughtless career; what affords delight they are studious to justify; all the subtleties of false reason are summoned to defend their favourite indulgence, and to overcome those scruples that fill the mind on its first approach to vice, with horror. In the youthful bosom, when the soul should expand with generous feeling, and every virtue have its residence in the heart, you meet with nothing but deformity, dissimulation and vice; the duties of the patriot, the husband and the friend, are forgotten, and the sacred institution of matrimony disregarded. Would it not then be madness in the extreme to unite our fate with beings so destitute of those qualities which are calculated to ensure domestic happiness? I would choose "a safe companion "and an easy friend" to share with me the joys of life—I have examined my heart upon the leading question, and am determined that marriage is essential to happiness; but on advancing another step, in the grand debate, who should be the person? I found myself totally unable to decide. A heart like mine can never know felicity but in the converse of a kindred soul. I have not escaped entirely the addresses of lovers; but neither their assiduities nor their offers ever excited more than a momentary attention. In resisting thus far I consider myself as extremely fortunate; but I am now at that age when it is necessary I should make a choice on which the future happiness of my life will depend. In love affairs I know our own reason is often an unsafe guide, I therefore implore your advice, Mr. Easy, in so momentous an affair. If I should be so

fortunate after the publication of my letter as to have applicants for my hand through the Companion, I will give you my character and a short account of my life.

MOLLY GOODHEART.

HE IS MUCH TO BLAME.

Mr. Easy,

This is not only applied to those who act criminally, but is frequently applied by the wealthy and the great to their more meritorious, though less fortunate, neighbours.

Thus, if a man should enter into some business by which he would calculate, on procuring for himself and his family a decent competence, and should fail; his good-natured neighbours, who have been more successful in some other business, will exclaim, with an affected concern for his welfare, *he is much to blame.*

If a farmer has three or four sons, to one of whom he wishes to give a liberal education that he may give eclat to the family name, and thus flatter parental pride; he consults his neighbours on the measure, they all advise to it, pronounce without hesitation that the boy has genius and that it would be a pity to confine him to the handles of a plough. The father thus flattered immediately determines his son shall be a scholar—sends him to college—here he gets into bad company—acquires habits of dissipation, which bring after them infamy and disgrace—the unhappy and disappointed father has then the mortification of hearing those *very friends* who advised to the measure, declare with as much self-complacency and exultation as if they had all along foresaw the result, "*he is much to blame.*"

But although this expression is often used when there is no good reason for it, yet in our journey through life we often meet with men who are indeed *much to blame.*

Thus if we go into a retail store to purchase a coat or pair of pantaloons, and the person behind the counter asks a dollar or two per yard more than the selling price, and at the same time assures you "on my *hona sa* it is only just cost;" we cannot help thinking "*there is somebody to* "*blame.*"

If we see a physician, who, instead of using his utmost endeavours to relieve his patient from his complaint, tampers with it and confines him on the bed of sickness three times as long as is necessary, for the purpose of increasing his charge for "medicines and attendance;" it would certainly not be thought harsh or unmerited if we were to declare that *he is much to blame.*

When a gentleman "learned in the law" prostitutes his talents by encouraging vexatious suits between his neighbours who have less knowledge than himself, and perhaps more obstinacy than honesty, merely that he may extort a handsome fee—or when we hear him at the bar, treat the court with rudeness and contempt—or wantonly wound the feelings of those who have been called on to give testimony in the case, certainly both law and justice would warrant us in saying *he is much to blame.*

Should a merchant, by indulging in habits of dissipation, suffer his business to become deranged in such a manner as to prevent him meeting his Bank engagements, or his private contracts—should he in consequence be obliged to send his notes to the shavers; or his goods to be sacrificed at auction; such a man should not complain were we to point at him as he walks the streets and say, *he's much to blame.*

If a man exerts all his industry to be elected to an office of public trust, and while in that situation makes use of all his knowledge and influence for his own private interest and emolument, to the great injury of the public and oppression of individuals whom his office was intended to benefit; surely all men of honourable feelings will as with one voice say, *he is much to blame,*

If we see the pastor of a respectable congregation receiving a high salary, who possesses talents capable of commanding the admiration of all—talents that put it in his power to instruct the ignorant and interest the learned—to awaken the sinner from his lethargy—rouse every dormant passion of the soul, and enlist it on the side of religion—when in the pulpit we if find this pastor dull, dry, formal and uninteresting—sinking into apathy, and instead of relying on and exerting his own powers, "leaning on the staff of quotation"—when all this, I say is found to be the case; christian charity herself cannot withold the declaration, "*he is much to blame.*"

And now ye constellation of wits—ye cluster of geniuses—who so kindly unite your exertions to furnish us with "A safe Companion and an easy friend"—ye easy moving gentlemen of the Easy Club—if you do not carefully correct, and cheerfully insert this my very first apology for an essay—if you will not thus gratify a young man who has vanity enough to wish to *figure away in print*—and who wishes to help to fill your paper with *originality*, which the ill-natured among your correspondents may pronounce *original nonsense*, if they please—I say if instead of publishing this essay to enlighten the public, you make use of it to light candles for the Club; I will decline writing—I will consume no more oil, as we learned men term it—but will endeavour in private circles to make it appear that the Easy Club have no penetration—and that of course for attempting to take Mr. Easy's post—*they are much to blame.*

JONATHAN.

Mr. Easy,

Among the various institutions which have been contrived for the ease and convenience of mankind, and the gratification of one of their strongest propensities, there is none which has been so shamefully neglected, or so ungratefully permitted to remain uncelebrated, even by those who are in the constant practice of its principles and enjoy its benefits as fully as the most regularly initiated member; as THE LAZY CLUB—an institution which deserves your particular attention and notice, and one to which I have no doubt, from some recent circumstances, you will feel much attached, when you are made acquainted with its plan, its principles and manner of proceeding. Knowing your anxious desire to give your readers every information which may in any manner contribute to their ease or benefit; and flattering myself that your recommendation will aid my unremitting endeavors, supported by that philanthrophy which heaven has implanted in my nature, to make public and thereby render more extensively useful an institution of such transcendent merit—an institution that will confer the highest honor and fame on its supporters, and if not already superior in numbers must, when its organization is generally known, far exceed any other society in the world, not even excepting the widely extended one of Masonry.

I shall defer giving you any account of the rules and plan of proceedings of this Club until I know whether such a communication would suit the plan of your paper; but I have no doubt there are many of your readers who will be anxious for its appearance, particularly that they may be informed of the manner and terms of admission: To my certain knowledge, many young men of this city would take the first opportunity of offering themselves as members—and the whole tenor of their actions fully entitle them to a seat. But that you, Mr. Easy, may judge of their worthiness, and know the just claim they have to be accepted as members; I send you the following sketch of their general conduct and behavior.

About the hour of twelve, each day you may observe, one of these youths, of comley appearance, and decent attire, though not decently attired, come swaggering down street, rubbing his eyes, and gaping in the face of every one he passes. If he meets an acquaintance, though the manner of that acquaintance indicates the urgency of business, and he seems unwilling to stay—it is of no avail—he will stop him, with a yawning "how are you?" and "what's o'clock?" and by many silly, insipid questions of this kind detain him some minutes before he can get from under him—as he is all this time lolling on the shoulder of his friend. His next maneuvre is to seize his button—by which he hangs until it either breaks or tears the coat—then drawling out "good by," he swaggers on, till meeting some other person with whom he is acquainted, the same gentlemanlike scene is repeated: and so on, till in an hour's time he'll reach nearly three squares.—Then he enters some store; throws himself on the counter; prevents the young men from attending to their business, and is in the way of every customer that comes in. Sometimes he'll sit on one counter, and rumple a piece of goods; then lye down on the other, and do the same mischief. At last the unmannerly shop-keepers hint that they wish his departure.

Oh degenerate men! Oh! low-bred fellows—who can't taste the superior pleasure of being in company with a man in every respect deserving to be a member of the honourable Lazy Club.

On receiving the hint, this great character moves with an admirable dull motion towards the door, where he is sure to knock down every thing in his way, as he wheels out with a genteel lazy swing, and fashionable oath, to go to some other place.

Thus you see, Mr. Easy, many persons who would do credit to this respectable society, often become a burthen to the inferior part of mankind, and are looked upon by them with disrespect. Can I tacitly submit to this? Can I (without offering some method to remove them) witness the daily encroachments made on that worthy society, of which I am proud to call myself a member? No! reason, ease, gratitude, honour, answer, no; and cry shame for so long procrastinating the defence of so valuable an institution.

I shall here conclude for the present—and when you think proper, will give you some account of the rules and regulations of the Club.

SAM. SLUGGARD,
Secretary of the Lazy Club.

SELECTED.

The singular adventure of Count Beaumont.

The Nobleman this adventure happened to, was well known at the French Court, under the name of the Count Beaumont. He was brave, even fearless, and had distinguished himself on all occasions, especially in the last war, when he served as Brigadier. This nobleman having obtained leave to pass the winter at one of his country seats, set out with his equipage about the month of October, which was very rainy that year. As soon as he reached the frontiers he assumed the privileges of his rank and title. His harbinger always set out some hours before him to fix his lodging, and fit it for the arrival of his master.

One day, when the rains had so spoiled the roads that the coach and equipage of the Count could not reach the town he had promised to lodge in, his Marshal stopped at a little beggarly village, situated at the bottom of a valley, almost desart, and always full of water; and appointed the Count's lodging at the Curate's, who was very poor. The poverty of this house was the same as in the other houses, excepting that it was something less inconvenient; for there was scarce any shelter from the wind and rain.

When the Count arrived he was received, and complimented by the good Curate, who displayed all his eloquence to thank him for the honour he did him in coming to lodge in his humble hut, and, in his way, made a hundred excuses that his cottage was so ill provided to entertain so great a man. The Count, who was unacquainted with the place, thanked him for his speech, and, after having assured him that he would not incommode him, ordered his postilion to proceed. The Curate, who perhaps wished no better, thought it his duty to use some entreaties to stop him, assuring him, that, as poor as his house was, it was the most convenient in the village.

The Marshal returned in the midst of these ceremonies, and joined his entreaties to those of the Curate, protesting that he had visited all the houses, one by one, and had found none comparable to this. "Very well, (says the Count,) but why may not I lodge in that castle which I see there, at the other end of the village? Whoever lives there, I suppose, won't refuse me a chamber: go thither in my name; I'll alight here, and wait for an answer." "My Lord, (says the Curate,) that castle is not inhabited: this land has been for sale many years; most of the apartments are without doors; however, some rooms are still neat enough, and there are some old moveables." "I don't want so much, (says the Count,) it is at least a shelter, and there I'll have my bed made." "I would have done it before, my Lord, (said the marshal,) if I had not been told that you would have been in danger there, because this castle is possessed by spirits and hobgoblins, who make a horrid din there every night. They told me but this very minute that the witches held their last meeting there, and that the master of it, who is in some foreign country, has let his house to the devil." "What! Are you drunk?" says the Count, in anger: "you talk like a fool —'a done with this stuff; I'll lie in the castle; get my bed ready immediately, and in the mean time I'll sup with Monsieur the Curate."—They were forced to obey.

During this interval, the Count desired the Curate's company, and an account whence those foolish reports took their rise. The Curate was a good little man, but as ignorant as possible, and extremely credulous. He had every fabulous circumstance by heart, and recited tales of frightful apparitions of every kind, in order to divert the Count from going to the castle. The valet too made his remonstrances in vain—they made no impression. He threw himself at his master's feet, to beg him not to expose himself; but dissuasion only confirmed his resolves of going to the castle. He set out, and his valet lighted him with a link. The poor fellow, who was naturally credulous, had his head full of stories, which he had picked up in the town; for every one had his tale, and the whole village attested the truth of them: so that he went with his master as if it had been to an execution.

His fears increased as he approached the castle. It was an old building, moated round, adorned with several ruinous turrets, which made a place disagreeable enough in itself; and its appearance was adapted to inspire that secret horror which generally attends the view of magnificent ruins. Besides, by the desertion of its masters, this old pile was become the retreat of bats and screech owls. The cries and flutter of these nocturnal animals so terrified the poor fellow, that he thought he had a thousand siprits at his elbow already. But the Count encouraging him by his reasons and example, they came to the chamber where the bed was prepared. Though it was the neatest and noblest apartment, the door could not be shut on the inside. The Count undressed; but, before he lay down, he tied his pistols to his belt, and hung his arms over the bolster. He ordered two lighted candles to be placed in the chimney, and kept two by his bed-side. After these precautions, he went to bed, not quite undressed; and his man lay upon a mattress brought thither on purpose.

The Count, notwithstanding his bravery, could not sleep: a certain restlessness, consistent with the truest valour, threw him involuntarily into melancholy reflections on the hazards which he perhaps unnecessarily exposed himself to. He had passed two hours thus uneasily, and was going to compose himself, when, about midnight, he fancied he heard a harsh and hollow noise in the furthest part of the castle, and it was too distant to be distinct. He conceived that this noise must be made by something alive, because, as well as he could follow it by his ear, it went round the castle. He thought it at first to be some beast grazing thereabout, with a bell at its neck; but soon changed his opinion: the noise cleared it up as it came near. The Count heard distinctly the steps of one marching gravely, and the rattling of a chain pretty heavy, as he judged by the noise it made on the pavement. This fright-

ful noise entering the apartments, seemed to tend directly to the Count's chamber. He then thought he ought to stand upon his guard, and, slipping on his gown and slippers, he threw his belt over his shoulders, and returned into bed, ready for all events.

In the mean time, the noise redoubling upon the staircase, awaked the valet, who, to drown his fears, had gorged himself with wine overnight. The Count could scarce keep him from crying out; for, notwithstanding his drunkenness, he was still sensible of fear: but the Count threatening to break his head with his pistol, if he cried out, he lay still.

The hobgoblin continuing his walks, went through the neighbouring rooms; and having made his tour groaning most lamentably, he went up two pair of stairs, where the dragging of his chains made a terrible din. This horrible noise, far from intimidating the Count, made him suspect some trick; for he was not at all credulous. Says he to himself, "If they want to murder me, these ceremonies are needless: to be sure, then, they want to frighten me; for I shall never believe that the Devil, or any inhabitant of the other world, is come hither purposely to carry on this farce. Let us see then (continues he) the conclusion of this comedy."

The moment he made this reflection, the spirit pushed the door violently, and entered the chamber. His figure was hideous; he seemed all hairy, like a bear, and loaded with chains, which he struck against the walls with horrible groans. He advanced solemnly towards the mattress where the servant lay. The fellow, not daring to cry out, for fear of angering his master, had wrapped himself in his great coat, thinking death unavoidable, either from his master, or from the ghost; which last lifting up the chains, rattled them at the poor wretch's ear, and frightened him into a swoon. The Count having quietly observed this procedure thro' his curtains, and hearing his man cry out, tho't the spectre had offered violence to him. He jumped out of bed, with his pistol in his hand, and, seizing the candle, ran towards the spirit, crying Murder! Murder! as loud as he could. The ghost without surprize, turned himself gravely to look at the Count, and, shaking his chains, said to him, follow me, little Mortal!—The undaunted Count, equally desirous of unrideling this business, and troubled at the loss of his servant, whom he thought dead, followed the spectre close, and went down stairs after him, keeping his pistol always in his hand; resolving, however, not to discharge it but in extremity. The spectre came into the court, which he crossed with some precipitation. The Count still pursued him through the darkness and horrors of a dismal night. At last they came to the entrance of a very narrow vaulted gallery. There the Count entered too; but there the spirit disappeared, and seemed to bury itself in the bowels of the earth with a terrible cry. A violent wind, which came from under ground, put out the Count's candle, which had survived the open air of the court; and thus he remained in a strange place, and in horrid darkness. The Count, transported by his warmth, let off his pistol, advancing forward, and immediately felt himself sink into the region of spectres, to punish his incredulity.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a note from the author of the "Historical evidences in favour of Christianity," informing us that circumstances will for some time prevent his forwarding the remainder of that truly valuable work—We hope that it will in a short time be in his power to continue it.

The Easy Club have complied with JONATHAN's request—and now inform him in their turn, that if he does not continue his correspondence with the same spirit he, has begun *he* will be "much to blame." As Jonathan appears disposed to place himself amongst our satirical assistants, we repeat the observation to him that we have made to *others*, that he must be careful not to single out any individual against whom to wield the satirick pen: It is not because of any thing in the essay we have to-day inserted of his that we think this caution necessary—but that he may know more particularly what we would wish to avoid, while we attempt to amuse or instruct.

CLARA's song has come to hand—and will receive the earliest attention.

Mr. Sluggard having justified our opinion of his abilities by some judicious alterations in his letter, we have inserted it—we hope he will occasionally arouse from his slumbering inactivity to assist us, and amuse our readers.

Several pieces of original poetry are necessarily delayed—The Maid of Potomac, Thanks to the Parson and the Last Farewell, will require some corrections, which the authors, we suppose through haste, have neglected. It would relieve us from a task which we always undertake with great reluctance if some of our poetical correspondents would be more attentive to the correction of their essays before they forward them to us.

The satirical defence of the polite practice of ogling and laughing in church, is too pointed, and the subject has been handled in number 20 by NEMO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INVITATION.

Joy of my life ! when thou art near,
What raptures fire Leander's breast ;
O come ! dispel each rising fear,
And in these arms securely rest.

O come ! and grace my woodbine bower,
'Tis there the riv'let loves to glide ;
There, no rude tempests ever low'r,
No guest but love shall there reside.

Hark ! to the sweetly rising lay,
Through yonder grove it winds along;
It calls my gentle love away,
To join the rural evening song.

And when my charming girl shall stray,
At evening hour along the mead;
With choicest flowers I'll strew thy way,
And through the grove thy footsteps lead.

Should care perchance my breast invade,
Or sorrow e'er its peace molest ;
Thy angel form, thy smile, sweet maid,
Shall drive far off the hateful guest.

And this my task—dear girl, for thee,
Through day the pleasing toil to bear ;
Each night thy guardian I will be,
And watch thy rest with fondest care.

Thus with my lov'd AMANDA near,
Serenely mild shall glide each hour ;
While fondly, each returning year,
Shall smile upon our woodbine bower. LEANDER.

When lassitude prompts to repose
Beneath the broad mantle of night,
For a season, I part from those woes,
Which prey on my mind as I write.

Eliza the youthful and fair,
Rejects the fond tale of my love,
Whilst in accents, approaching despair,
I essay her pity to move.

Propitious at times, she appears,
And with accents, ineffably sweet,
She bids me repress all my fears,
And again the soft amour repeat.

But no more to my passion I'll yield,
Tho' enchantingly sweet is her mien ;
For it cannot be longer conceal'd
How unkind unto me she has been.

Perhaps in some moments of woe,
When her volatile spirit shall bend,
She may deign a kind thought to bestow,
On her exile, her lover and friend.

Nor yet the sad conflict is o'er,
Tho' time may my passion expel :
My home I shall ne'er visit more,
With Eliza I bid it farewell. OAKLY.

PHŒBUS' DIURNAL COURSE;

AND THEORY OF RAIN.

When fair Aurora ope's the gate of day,
Resplendent Sol darts forth his golden ray.
His steeds refresh'd, scour o'er th' Olympian height,
And cheer poor mortals with the glorious light;
Bright morn ascends. The neighing steeds now fly
With light'ning-swiftness through the *gascous* sky.
They thirst ; and as they onward quickly move,
Their inspirations soon attractive prove ;
And by the action of this mighty power,
Of dew and moisture rob each field and flower,
To quench their drought. Yet still they thirst again,
Nor are contented 'till they reach the main :
Where Oceanus, 'neath meridian beams,
Supplies the willing draught, in chrystal streams.
For to the brow of heaven's high-arch'd dome,
When Sol at noon diurnally has come,
Ten minutes full he stops, his steeds to bait ;
And then triumphantly assumes his seat ;
Prepares the reins and wields the pow'rful lash,
Which vaulted skies re-echo with a crash ;
He gives the word ; impetuously they hie
Adown Olympus' great declivity ;
Nor cease their course, till grey-ey'd ev'ning laves
The panting steeds, amidst old Ocean's waves.
Meanwhile the *sweat*, which, during noontide hours,
In copious streams, from all their members pours,
To *vapour* is converted by the heat ;
Which, for a while, retains its lofty seat.
But soon as Sol declining in the west,
Has sunk to slumber on his Goddess' breast ;
The cooling breezes of refreshing e'en,
Condense the vapour, at the foll'wing mean :
If, to a certain point, the heat imbue
The vapour, then it falls in form of *dew ;*
But if, abstracted, little heat remain,
Then comes the grateful and reviving *rain.*
Each arid grove, each parched wood, receives
The happy flood, among its with'ring leaves ;
Each drooping plant again erects its crest ;
Each sun-burnt field retains it and is blest ;—
All nature rises willing to proclaim,
The goodness of her great Creator's name. OMEGA.

MATRIMONY.

" Cries Nell to Tom," midst matrimonial strife,
" Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife,"
" By all the powers," said Tom, " but that's too bad,
" You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

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